


On the tangled, twisted branches,  
in a tangled, twisted wood,  
stood a young crow, looking downward,  
like her elders said she should.

She stood with all the other crows,  
in silence, in a row.  
Their heads all bowed  
to look for any danger from below.



The young crow followed suit, and joined  
the warbling, warning wail,  
for down upon the ground they glimpsed  
a bristly, bushy tail!

**Rustle, rustle.**  
What was moving on the forest floor?  
The birds began their danger call,  
**‘Caw, caution, caw, caw, caw!’**



‘Squirrel, squirrel!’ one crow cried,  
‘It wants to steal our nest!’  
‘This tree is ours!’ another squawked,  
‘Be gone, you furry pest!’

The birds all screeched  
until the squirrel turned its tail to go.  
And then they all returned to seeking  
perils from below.



**Snuffle, snuffle.**

What was searching on the mossy ground?

The birds let out a second call,

**‘Caw, caution, all around!’**

The young bird joined the chorus  
of those caution-crying crows,  
for down beside the tree they saw  
a sniffy, snoopy nose!

